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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1856.

The PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THE CRAYON is at the book-store of Mr. F. W. CHRISTERN, No. 768 Broadway. Editor's Office—No. 709½ Broadway.

✉ Letters always to be addressed with the name, of the firm upon the envelope.

Wholesale Agents, for the lower part of the city, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann Street, of whom the Numbers of THE CRAYON can at all times be procured.—See page three of the Cover.

A CARD.

THE undersigned, owing to continued ill health, which makes the proper performance of his editorial duties impossible, is compelled to relinquish all literary labor for the present, and to resign the conducting of THE CRAYON to his colleague, Mr. Durand.

W. J. STILLMAN.

New York, June 1st, 1856.

WHILE regretting the cause which deprives THE CRAYON of Mr. Stillman's services, its friends and subscribers may be assured that no change of purpose or plan will be made in carrying out the object for which this magazine was established. In undertaking its sole charge, and while this duty is imperative, it is the intention of the undersigned to conduct THE CRAYON with a view to the interests of ART as effectively as his resources, capacity, and judgment may enable him to do so.

J. DURAND.

Sketchings.

THE CAPITOL-EXTENSION.

THE *Courier and Enquirer* of August 18th, contains a letter from Washington on the Public Buildings of that city, portions of which we reprint:

"On Saturday night the House of Representatives abandoned its opposition to military supervision over the public works, and receded from its amendment to one of the appropriation bills, forbidding the employment of Captain Meigs in conducting and superintending the Capitol extension, the Washington Aqueduct, and other important works.

It cannot be denied that the labors of Capt. Meigs and Capt. Bowman have been of great advantage to the country, and that they have introduced a thorough, efficient, and economical system in the construction of the buildings intrusted to their charge.

At the same time that both houses concurred in their testimony to the fidelity and ability of Capt. Meigs, \$750,000 was voted for the continuance of the work on the Capitol extension, and \$100,000 for the dome over the centre building.

The complete plan of the extended Capitol shows that it will be one of the most beautiful and magnificent edifices in the world. Its length will be over 800 feet, its breadth more than 250, and its height from the foundation to the pinnacle of the dome will be 350 feet. Such a vast structure will, of course, if properly built, be very expensive. The original estimate for the two wings was \$2,600,000. More than \$3,500,000 have been already appropriated. The estimate for the dome on the plan of a civil engineer and architect was \$100,000; but it is now ascertained that the probable cost will exceed a million and a half. It has been hastily and most unjustly assumed that this vast excess of cost over estimates, was the result of military superintendency, and Captain Meigs has been held responsible in speeches and reports to Congress. But as there was no malignancy in the charge, so it was easily disproved, and the unfavorable impressions created by it have been removed, and the superinten-

dent undoubtedly stands much higher than if the charge of extravagance had never been made and investigated. * * *

As to the decoration and excellence of material, Captain Meigs has not spared money, and in the free use of it he has shown a wise and judicious economy. This building is to be a monument of the wealth, power, refinement and elegance of this great republic in the first age of its progress.

Mr. Ball, Chairman of the Committee of Public Buildings, has complained of the cost of two doors, which he says could have been made at an expense of not over \$1,400 each. The superintendent has expended \$14,000, ten times as much, in procuring suitable models and designs, and the doors will cost \$47,000. The fourteen hundred dollar doors would have done very well, and with care and occasional repairs might have lasted as long as the Government. They would at least

"Have stopped a hole to keep the wind away."

And what more can any door do? What more could the clay of great Cæsar do? But the doors in the course of construction will be splendid triumphs of American art, and will be enduring exemplars of American history, of which the most striking scenes are displayed in relief upon their panels of bronze. * * *

The Committee rooms will be finished in an admirable manner. The walls of some of them are finished and decorated with paintings in fresco. That of the Committee on Agriculture has been some time in use. The designs with which its walls and ceiling are covered, as well as the manner of their execution, have been greatly and deservedly admired. The finishing of the interior must have cost a great deal of money. It is worth it.

"The extension of the Capitol was begun July 4th, 1851. The work has been diligently pursued five years. At least three years more will be required to complete it, and the aggregate cost will be certainly three times what it was estimated.

"The whole edifice, when finished, will be worthy of the mighty nation that laid its foundation.

"The Wittena-gemot, the first Congress of our Saxon ancestors, assembled under a great oak or elm, which was their parliament house. Very good laws were passed in it. There was also good legislation at Runnymede, on a green sward by the side of a brook, but those precedents properly construed, are not conclusive against indulgence in sumptuous architecture, a taste which has justly been regarded as the peculiar characteristic and proof of advanced civilization."

The extension of the Capitol at Washington serves to illustrate both national development as well as national shortcomings in Art. It seems that where sculpture is needed for decoration, the country has sculptors of native birth and feeling to produce the work required; but where painting is wanted we are obliged to employ foreign artists, and accept such designs as they provide for us. The decoration of one of the Committee rooms consists of one subject (among many of different character), taken from the history of ancient Rome, all being painted by modern Italian artists. Provided the work be well executed, we make no serious objections to the artists, but we consider the necessity of adopting their designs a questionable conclusion on the part of those who did so. When frescoes are required, we admit the propriety of employing artists who understand fresco-painting, as we have no practitioners in that department of art; but for designs, the chief element of an il-

lustration, we are not so poorly off. We have American artists who excel in design, and they could choose more appropriate subjects, and treat them better, than those accepted and painted on the walls in this building. Connected with the business of bank note engraving are designers of the very first rank, and men, too, especially capable of illustrating the present characteristics of our country. This profession demands a knowledge of every description of material agency and implement used in the country. Its designer is acquainted with, and draws every object that has reference to the sea or the land, to commerce, to agriculture, or to manufactures. He is thoroughly acquainted with the ship on the stocks or afloat; he knows "the plow, the loom, and the anvil,"—the factory, canal, and railroad; he knows the farmer and planter; he is familiar with every description of animal, and every kind of produce and more or less, with every phase of landscape that characterizes the surface of our vast territory.

Familiarity with the implements of labor, as well as the character of the farmers, mechanics, etc., who use them; also the occupations and interests which the people in general are devoted to, renders the artist who has studied such material, the most suitable man of the time to make designs for the decoration of a national building. We hold that a public building, if decorated by art at all, should represent the art as well as the spirit of the day in which it is erected. We could mention half a dozen artists, among them Darley and Casilear, whose designs would grace the Capitol of the country, and be creditable illustrations to the present state of our art development. The same fresco-painters could paint American designs as well as those they have painted, or if not, others could and would be glad of the opportunity. We maintain, therefore, that capable artists at home should be sought out and employed. Home talent is not recognized as it should be. Artists are compelled to frequent and reside in foreign countries in order to be visible as it were;—they are held off by the nation at arms' length, as men half blind hold off a gold dollar, to know it from a three cent piece. Strange, equally strange, is it to find artists so appreciated, as it would be to find people going abroad in order to enjoy the best American society!

So far as the military superintendency of the public buildings is concerned, we have no fault to find with it. Capt. Meigs is a conscientious man and an admirable engineer. He has done more for American Art, and more judiciously, than any public officer we know of. We willingly trust him with the national interests of Art, so far as his duty and knowledge govern his actions, and we would dread to hear of his discharge, for it is infinitely better to have a good engineer, if he is nothing more, to protect Art, than to have an ignorant and unprincipled politician.

As for Mr. Ball, he is one of that class of political dead-weights whose ignorance is as

much a misfortune to the country as it is prejudicial to the interests of Art. Mr. Ball would pass for an economist, but he must remember that true economy is not apparent in the adoption of cheap substitutes. The life-blood of economy is knowledge, such knowledge as enables a man to know whether or not he has obtained the worth of his money. An individual may sometimes be compelled to save for lack of means, but rarely a nation, particularly a wealthy nation like ours. And when a nation would economize à la Ball, we have revealed to us in the place of a sound healthy virtue, like true economy, nothing but a corpse-like representation of it—meanness.

SETH CHENEY.

SETH CHENEY, artist, departed this life on Wednesday, September 10th, in the 46th year of his age. Few of those who read this announcement will, perhaps, know anything about the works or character of Seth Cheney; little that is, compared with their knowledge of those whose works are more numerous and more conspicuous. We regret that our own knowledge is so imperfect, that we can only partially speak of both, but the little we do know inspires us to give that little as the only tribute we can here pay to his worth and genius. Seth Cheney was born in the village of Manchester, Connecticut, and was one of nine children, and the sixth in order of birth. Eight were boys. The family have been long known as enterprising, upright men, "Cheney Brothers" being one of the best established manufacturing firms in the State of Connecticut, and regarded among the most honored of its citizens. Seth was one of the brothers. We believe his youth presented no remarkable traits bearing upon his subsequent profession. He began his Art career as an engraver under the supervision of his brother John Cheney. The latter early noticed his brother's talent, and he gave it every encouragement which his own knowledge, fraternal affection and love for it could prompt him to give. Being unimpeded, his genius quietly developed itself in youth and manhood, with no obstacles, except one, opposed to its growth. He became an artist, because he saw and loved beauty; and he worked, because love and labor were with him synonymous terms, and because the spirit of the artist was too strong in his breast to be overcome by any other spirit of this world's labor.

The works produced by Seth Cheney were mostly crayon drawings, consisting of portraits and ideal heads. In fact, his drawings are nearly all ideal; he could rarely draw but from models whose features excited him sympathetically, and he would then give forth feeling and character which the heart of his subject was even scarcely conscious of. Whatever he touched he made ideal, because his vision was clear enough to see all the beauty which his subject possessed. Some of his female heads are exquisitely lovely. They possess a refinement of beauty which seems to linger just upon the confines of earthly form. For intensity of feeling, and that delicate passive power which a pure soul radiates

through the features, we know no work of Art that expresses these so fully, nor no artist who has revealed an equal sensitiveness to them. Children also were favorite models for his practice. We have never seen more lovely embodiments of innocence than in some of his drawings of children. There is a wonderful union of the fullness of form, with a sentiment of purity, which, in both females and children, admits no thought of their earthly tenement. This we regard as the very highest excellence that Art can accomplish.

As to the greatness of his works in quantity, style or size, we regard them simply for the feeling each exhibits, without a thought of its magnitude, or the medium through which the feeling is expressed. The only principle which governed him was to do well and completely, whatever he undertook.

We lament that Cheney's creations are not in more durable form. That they are not is owing to the one obstacle we have before alluded to, as interfering with his fullest Art development, namely—ill-health. Cheney possessed a highly nervous organization, and severe labor was in a measure interdicted to him, particularly in the latter part of his life,—we suppose that he expressed his art-thought and feeling in crayon, simply because he could through that medium accomplish his purpose with a facility more in keeping with his physical powers. He did not, however, confine himself altogether to drawing in crayon: he painted several studies in oil; but we think they are few in number, and only indicative of his desire and ability to use color, which he could have done with equal power. He would frequently lament that he was not a practised painter, because he often found so much beauty in color which color alone could render: many times has he refused to attempt rendering in crayon that which ought only to be painted.

Cheney possessed the true artist genius: the medium by which feeling is made visible, was of no consequence to him. He would have made an admirable sculptor. We are not sure but his disposition was more towards sculpture than any other branch of art. Of this, however, we are not positive. We know that he modelled in clay, and that there is still standing in his studio, in Boston, a head which he finished, but failed to cast in plaster, owing to the state of his health.

We are unable to mention the titles of Cheney's works. In looking at his drawings we have never thought of titles. "A Head by Cheney," seems to be title enough. Many of his finest works are in Boston, a few in New York, and there are quite a number in the possession of his relatives.

Cheney was the first to make popular the crayon drawing as a style of portrait picture. He may be called the father of that branch of the profession amongst us, in which line there are now so many following in his footsteps. The demand for his drawings always greatly exceeded his ability to execute; he would frequently have a list of forty applicants, each awaiting his turn.

Cheney visited Europe four times. He resided in Boston during the early part of his career, and only left that city to die in the home of his fathers. He, in connection with his brother John Cheney, the engraver and an artist in this case truly of kindred feeling, built a studio upon the grounds of the homestead, where, while strength permitted, Cheney would pass his hours in the enjoyment of Art and social intercourse. His disease, however, soon deprived him of this pleasure. He was soon confined to his room, and the hour soon came which was the last of his pure and blameless life. The spirit of a true man and of a true artist left its earthly home, for another world of beauty, and our world "is more beautiful because he lived in it." Seth Cheney was buried by moonlight.

Cheney leaves to lament his removal, a wife, one child, relatives, personal friends, and many friends who only knew him by his works. To all who love the ideal in this generation, professionally and otherwise, Cheney, as a man among men and as an artist, was a great consolation: may the truth and beauty he revealed to us accordingly keep him in grateful remembrance as one among those whose example and productions encourage us to love something more than "things of the earth, earthy!"

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

MR. CRAWFORD's equestrian statue of Washington for the State monument at Richmond, Va., still remains at Munich; it will not be shipped to the United States until the coming spring. A government ship was ordered to Antwerp, to receive the statue; but as the vessel could not approach that city sufficiently near to take it on board, and it also being found necessary to partially remove the decks in order to accommodate so great a bulk, its shipment is postponed as above stated.

THE Washington Statue seems to have created quite an enthusiasm for bronze monuments. Several names have been proposed as worthy of honor in this way, their statues to stand in the remaining spandrels of the square which embraces Union Park. Among the names are those of Gates, Putnam, Lafayette, Clinton and Clay. We have to propose the name of Colonel Trumbull.

Speaking of statues reminds us of an excellent suggestion made, in our hearing, which we heartily endorse: it is, that a statue of Peter Cooper be placed in the triangular space on the south front of the Institute bearing his name; and that the said statue be erected forthwith. Mr. Cooper presents his noble institute to the public during his lifetime, and it would be but a slight acknowledgment on the part of the public, to show him by a statue erected now, that the gift itself and the wise principle which governed his benevolent action are fully appreciated.

P. P. DUGGAN, Esq., Professor of Drawing at the Free Academy, sailed for Europe in the "Ericsson," on the 13th September. Mr. Duggan visits Europe on account of his health.

DARLEY's outline illustrations of "Margaret," are announced for publication, as our readers will observe by referring to the advertisement of Mr. J. S. Redfield on the cover. This work has been a long time in preparation, and is one which will display Mr. Darley's genius to the best advantage.

MR. CROFSEY is now located in London. He has taken a house in Kensington, and has resumed his professional labors.

Two very clever lithographs have lately come under our eye, namely: a portrait of Dr. Carnochan, by D'Avignon, and "The Catskill Fall," after a pencil drawing by B. G. Stone. The latter subject is lithographed by C. Parsons. The execution is remarkably good, and it is a highly creditable production in the department of Lithographic Art. "The Catskill Falls" is published by Messrs. Endicott & Co. The view is the best we know of, and the scene is faithfully rendered.

THE Rev. Dr. Magoon is about to publish a volume entitled, "The Course of Empire," in which there is a chapter devoted to "Art." The Reverend Dr. glances

"At the several departments of architecture, sculpture, and painting, consecutively, according to their natural order and relative merits," and accompanies his retrospection with many pertinent reflections. For instance, who will deny the following?—

"Not one source of pure and lofty inspiration ever existed which does not now exist; on the contrary, many are now extant which former ages had no suspicion of, and it is painful to see them unused for the noble purposes they were given to promote, substituted as they are by mockeries and absurdities which degrade the office of art, and lead the public to suppose that it is an empty bauble, fit only to pander to the grossest sensuality."

MR. CRAWFORD, the sculptor, sailed for Havre, en route for Italy, in the steamer Fulton, on the 20th ult. Among the works which Mr. Crawford is to execute are the four remaining statues, with characteristic emblems, for the Richmond monument, mentioned in our last number, and a statue of Harrison Gray Otis for the Mount Auburn Cemetery.

A MONUMENT TO VANDERLYN.

WE learn from the *People's Press*, published at Kingston, N. Y., that the citizens of that village, the native place of John Vanderlyn, the artist, are about to erect a monument to his memory. An association has been formed, called the "Vanderlyn Monument Association," and committees have been appointed to procure subscriptions in Kingston and the neighboring towns and villages, also in the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Albany and New York. For the convenience of those who may desire to contribute to this laudable undertaking, we subjoin a list of the officers of the Association, and the names of the gentlemen composing the various committees.

President—Hon. Wm. B. Wright.

Vice-Presidents—Severyn Bruyn, Rev. C. D. Westbrook.

Treasurer—Rodney N. Baldwin.

Rec. Sec.—R. A. Chipp.

Cor. Sec.—George H. Sharp.

Committee.—Kingston—James W. Baldwin, Cornelius Bruyn, H. H. Reynolds, C. S. Clay, C. W. Schaffer, T. R. Westbrook, Jon. H. Hasbrouck, E. W. Budington, Wm. B. Finch, Jansen Hasbrouck, Jervis McEntee, Wm. H. Romeyn, J. S. Langworthy, Robert Gosman, Peter Van Gaasbeck, Rev. John Gosman. Shandaken—E. Sherrill. Coxsackie—Ezra Finch. Poughkeepsie—Charles H. Ruggles. Albany—Marius Schoonmaker, A. J. Parker. New York—A. B. Durand, G. A. Smith, F. L. Waddell, F. W. Edmonds, A. P. Maybie, J. H. Shegogue. Philadelphia—Thos. Sully, E. B. Gardette. Boston—Chester Harding. Washington—C. B. King. Esopus—R. L. Fell. Prattsville—Zadoc Pratt.

The determination to erect this monument is highly honorable to the people of Kingston. We trust that the Association will meet with the heartiest co-operation everywhere. Such a monumental tribute to Vanderlyn's memory is not alone a matter of local importance. Vanderlyn is one of the most celebrated among our few historical painters, and his best works will forever stand side by side with any productions that illustrate the genius of the people; the people, therefore, should—certainly the intelligent portion of the community—everywhere contribute something to mark the spot where Vanderlyn was born and where he died. Vanderlyn's fame deserves some special mark of recognition from the city of New York; for during his lifetime he was unjustly treated by the city government. He leased the ground and built the Rotunda (now occupied by the Croton Water department), at his own expense, under guarantees of possession from the corporation, which were subsequently repudiated. He was ejected from the building, by which he suffered great pecuniary loss, and the sense of injury which he felt in consequence of it, embittered his whole life.

The artists should, more than all, remember one of their brethren. The profession now embraces a large number of prosperous members, who in these times are not obliged to encounter such obstacles as strewed Vanderlyn's path. Whatever may be the present state of ignorance and indifference in regard to Art, both of these disheartening influences were more discouraging in the days of Vanderlyn. Honor, therefore, to a patient and brave pioneer!

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

MR. WILLIS in the *Home Journal* thus comments upon the last example of ignorance of Art on the part of our public functionaries. The remarks are provoked by the late report of the Board of Visitors to the Military Academy at West Point.

"Just now, we are wondering at the new and queer standard of intellectual dignity put forward by the Report of the late 'Board of Visitors'—these gentlemen giving their opinion that Robert W. Weir, the Professor of Drawing, (one of our country's most eminent men of genius), and Mr. Agnel, the distinguished Professor of Languages, should be deprived of their equality of position with the mathematical and other Professors—that is to say, designated by inferior title and less pay, as teachers of inferior branches! This passage in the Report, we

fancy, must be either a quiz or a matter of personal pique; for, when were Art and Language ever made secondary to any principles of knowledge and education! In any case, it is the 'A. B. C.' only, of mathematics, geology, chemistry and philosophy, which is taught at West Point—neither the researches of a Newton nor of a La Place being among the duties of the professors—and the question is thus reduced to comparison between the abstract subjects of professorship; and the comparative dignity and worth of the professors themselves. When Weir and Agnel—the Academy's two most honored professors, at present—are to be ranked below those whose rudimental lessons could be taught by any diligent Senior of a college class, it will begin to be true of our schools, as of our country, that

"The place of honor is a private station."

If the question, "What do you know about war?" should be put to us, we would at once confess our ignorance. It seems to us, however, that the culture of the eye, as an element of military education, is of equal importance with the culture of other functions that receive their impulsion from the brain. No one can imagine the capacity and ability of the eye who does not draw, or who has not remarked the difference between the artist's perception and that of an ordinary observer. The eye that has been drilled by close study of forms, with the mind intent upon form while the hand transcribes it upon paper, acquires a keenness and readiness of perception which cannot be otherwise than of the utmost scientific importance. Whatever Science may accomplish by itself, Art will always augment its power and enlarge the field of its operation. If we know nothing about war, we have some knowledge of the value of drawing, and, as citizens of the United States, we protest against any depreciation of the worthy Professor of Drawing at West Point, or of the branch of military education under his superintendence.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8th, 1856.

To the Editor of the Crayon:

CAN you inform me through your Journal what the expenses would be per annum, to a student at Rome or Florence? Or can you refer me to a source whence the desired information might be obtained?

ART-STUDENT.

The sum necessary for the support of an Art-student in either of the above-mentioned cities varies according to the habits and tastes of the individual. We know of an instance of an artist and his wife having supported themselves in Florence upon \$600 a year. They rented apartments in a palace, kept one servant, and enjoyed life as artists know how enjoy it, who do not possess or covet the means of extravagance or dissipation. We should think that \$400 per annum would suffice a young man of economical habits, and enable him to live comfortably either in Rome or Florence.

Mr. Editor "CRAYON."

DEAR SIR.—You can easily imagine the joy and sympathy I experienced on reading those letters from Conway, in the September Number of "The Crayon." What a happy time those earnest souls must have among such sublime surroundings of Nature! But, Sir, you cannot feel the sorrow and dejection of spirits I experience, when I think of myself. I love Art and

Nature devotedly and truly; and oh! how my soul yearns to be among the blue hills, the shady nooks and nodding verdure of Nature. Nothing on earth would give me greater pleasure than to follow Landscape-painting as a profession; but I am without one influential friend or patron, to encourage or assist me. I am somewhat acquainted with the use of colors, manipulation, etc., and have had considerable practice in execution; but what I need is study of Nature,—earnest, devoted study. I have to follow the honorable, though uncongenial calling of a mechanic, and I find it impossible, with the most rigid economy and self-denial, to devote even a few weeks, each summer, to the study of Nature. I have endeavored, year after year, to save from my earnings as much as would allow me to go in the country for one summer, so as to get some studies, to enable me to present something worthy for exhibition at the National Academy, to bring my name before the public, who patronize the annual exhibitions; but as each succeeding year arrives and departs, I find it impossible, as long winters without work, compels me to see to the well-being of a dearly loved parent, who is depending on me for support. My reason for thus letting my circumstances be known to you, is to solicit your advice. I would wish to know if there is any possibility of one in my circumstances to succeed, if he struggles on, without friends or patrons. Hope has almost deserted me, yet I would as soon relinquish life as to relinquish the hope and the love of Art, which I feel within me. I am young yet, and would struggle on cheerfully was I sure of meeting with encouragement. You will, Sir, have the earnest prayers of a grateful heart, by addressing me through the columns of "The Crayon."

Yours, with respect,

CLAUDE.

As we frequently receive similar epistles to the foregoing, we print this one in order to give a general answer to all. Our advice to "Claude" and others may be thus stated:—first, hold fast to an occupation, if you have one, whatever it may be, if it supports you;—secondly, devote *leisure hours* to the production of such works as your time and ability will warrant;—thirdly, study, draw, or paint any beautiful objects adapted to your feeling that are easily accessible, and of which you will find enough without longing for distant mountains and meadows;—fourthly, never dream about patrons; with good intentions, they do but flatter to deceive; in nine cases out of ten they elevate a young man to a false position, and when the support is withdrawn, great is the fall thereof; be assured that patronage will follow close upon the merit of your works;—fifthly, rely solely upon your own conscious power, and consider the Art you love as *its own reward*;—and, lastly, whether you pursue Art professionally or not, cherish the feeling for, and perfect your knowledge of, Art; it will smoothe the rough road of life, and you will be a wiser and better man through the truth it will teach you, and the beauty it will reveal to you.

At Florence, chief among artists, I found Horatio Greenough, the American sculptor. His face was so handsome, and his person so well formed, that he might be pardoned, if, as was alleged, the face of his Medora, and the figure of a colossal Achilles in clay, were idealizations of his own. Greenough was a superior man, ardent and eloquent, and all his opinions had elevation and magnanimity. He believed that the Greeks had wrought in schools, or fraterni-

ties—the genius of the master imparting his design to his friends, and inflaming them with it; and when his strength was spent, a new hand, with equal heat, continued the work; and so, by relays, until it was finished in every part with equal fire. This was necessary in so refractory a material as stone, and he thought Art would never prosper until we left our shy jealous ways, and worked in society as they. All his thoughts breathed the same generosity. He was an accurate and deep man. He was a votary of the Greeks, and impatient of Gothic art. His paper on architecture, published in 1843, announced, in advance of the leading thoughts of Mr. Ruskin on the *morality* in architecture, notwithstanding the antagonism in their views of the history of Art. I have a private letter from him,—later, but respecting the same period,—in which he roughly sketches his own theory. "Here is my theory of structure: a scientific arrangement of spaces and forms to functions and to site; an emphasis of features proportioned to their *graduated* importance in function; color and ornament to be divided and arranged and varied by strictly organic laws, having a distinct reason for each decision; the entire and immediate banishment of all make-shift and make-believe."—EMERSON.

RICHARD S. GREENOUGH's statue of Franklin, a notice of which may be found in "The Crayon" for September 12th, 1855, was inaugurated on the 17th of last month, in the city of Boston. The statue is in bronze, was cast and finished at the Ames Manufacturing Company's Establishment, at Chicopee, Mass., and stands before the west front of the Boston City Hall. The following account of the inauguration was taken from the correspondent of *The Courier & Inquirer*.

"The inauguration of the statue of Franklin was a grand affair, surpassing in some of its more imposing details the great civic event of introducing Cochituate water. The procession, embracing nine divisions, was escorted by the First Brigade of Massachusetts Militia, including the Boston Light Artillery, the National Lancers and Light Dragoons. The procession was over two hours in passing a given point, and represented nearly every mechanical trade and manufacture. Among the special attractions was a new and beautiful Locomotive and tender named BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, mounted on trucks and drawn by eighteen horses; a Sugar-grinding mill for Cuba, drawn by twelve horses; the House and Morse Telegraph instruments; the electric fire alarm; Franklin's old Printing Press, on which was being struck off and scattered to the crowd a fac-simile of his newspaper, dated 1723; immense structures on wheels representing School Rooms filled with scholars at the desk, and a vast number of other novel and interesting features made up one of the grandest displays ever witnessed. The Masonic Fraternity, the Firemen and Mechanics' Association, and numerous other charitable societies of Boston, and Mechanic and other societies from the adjoining cities and towns, were out in full force. Also the Franklin Medal Scholars, Children of the Public Schools, etc. The procession reached the site of the statue at the west front of the City Hall soon after three o'clock. Here several thousands took possession of the temporary seats and platform, while other thousands filled every standing place in the vicinity. The drapery which had hitherto concealed the statue was then raised, when it was greeted with thunders of applause. The exercises consisted of music by the band, singing by the pupils of the Public Schools, Prayer by Rev. Mr. Bladgent, addresses by Mayor Rice, Masonic Ceremonies of Inauguration, etc.

"The oration was then pronounced by Hon.

Robert C. Winthrop, and occupied an hour and a quarter in its delivery. It was listened to with close attention, broken only by repeated outbursts of applause.

"The hymn of Old Hundred was sung by the vast audience, and a benediction by Bishop Eastburn, closed the inauguration.

"The number of strangers and citizens that thronged to witness the pageant, was greater than ever before seen in this city. The sidewalks and balconies, the entire route of the procession, were crowded. Many buildings and streets were handsomely decorated.

"In the evening the City Hall was brilliantly illuminated."

It is with no little satisfaction that we chronicle the erection of another work of Art upon a public thoroughfare, where eyes cannot help but see, and minds think of, Art.

THE PROPORTIONS OF THE HUMAN FIGURE.

Nature, in the composition of the human frame, has so ordained that the face, from the chin to the highest point of the forehead, is one-eighth of the whole stature; the same proportion obtains in the hand, measured from the wrist to the extremity of the middle finger. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. From the nipple to the top of the scalp is a fourth of the whole stature. If the length of the face, from the chin to the roots of the hair, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place of the nostrils; the second the point where the eyebrows meet. The foot is the seventh part of the height of the entire frame; the cubit and the chest are each a fourth. The other members have certain affinities which were always observed by the most celebrated of ancient painters and sculptors, and we must look for them in those productions which have excited universal admiration. The navel is naturally the central part of the human body; for if a man should lie on his back with his legs and arms extended, the periphery of the circle which may be described about him, with the navel for its centre, would touch the extremities of his hands and feet. The same affinities obtain if we apply a square to the human figure; for, like the contiguous sides, the height from the feet to the top of the head is found to be the same as the distance from the extremity of one hand to the other when extended. The standards according to which all measurements are wont to be made are likewise deduced from the members of the body; such as the digit, the palm, the foot and the cubit; all of which are subdivided by the perfect number, which the Greeks call *teleois*.—*Bonomi*.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

X—, Sept., 1856.

At the Farm-house Window.

LAST evening, as I was returning in the late train from the city, my old friend Frank Abbott tapped me on the shoulder with his cane, and turning round, I saw he was seated beside his cousin Molly, while his sister and little brother occupied the seat between us. I left my place and paid my salutations to the young ladies, and flatteringly informed them of my joy at seeing them going X— ward, for as the summer waned, I was getting a little tired of my monotonous life, and was constrained to take a trip to the city now and then for variety's sake. Miss Molly said they were going down to spend a few weeks with their grandfather Abbott, the old deacon, and, not to be outdone in compliments, graciously informed me how charming it was to discover that I had not yet left my quarters at Farmer John's,—it would be so nice to have two gallants, Frank and myself. Miss Abbott said they had been at the Springs and Newport for the past six

weeks, and for her part, it was really refreshing to think they were going where the party dresses could be laid aside for awhile. Miss Molly had evidently a liking for the party dresses and the life incidental at fashionable watering places, but expressed a determination, now she was to be free from it, to eat and drink as much as she pleased, and didn't care any longer if she did spoil her form by drinking, and blotch her complexion by eating; she had been starved to death long enough; but then, if Lieutenant Wallabout should come to see them after they returned to the city, and her waist *should* be monstrous, and her complexion *should* be horrid, what should she do! It was horrible to think of. And Frank cast a roguish glance at me, and Molly felt inclined to pull his whiskers, but the peace of the car-community was not to be broken that time.

Miss Abbott whispered to her little companion, and all on a sudden he left his place and took mine. I, of course, there being no other seat in the neighborhood, had to take the seat beside her. She had a book beneath her fan in her lap—a little pocket volume, which she gave me permission to look at, and I found it a volume of Tennyson, and, as I whiffed the leaves from under my thumb, I saw she had marked in pencil many a passage. She observed the marks had caught my attention, and said she had read over the volume on purpose to note for a friend, (who persisted in applying Hamlet's "words, words, words," to our poet), what passages, as they appeared to her, while, at the same time, they seemed to sanction the sneers of his detractors, were yet fullest of a feeling which was truest to the core. She had selected chiefly those passages that appertained to appearances of nature, for she believed that, as the philosopher stood nearest in communion with man, the poet held the truest conferences with nature. She thought there was no lack of the philosopher's element in Tennyson, but that she did not care to designate, but only to show that he had the genuine poet's feeling for nature. That landscapist, she thought, other things being equal, or even allowing a moderate inequality not in his favor, would generally be esteemed worthiest, who *felt* most the spirit of the scene he transferred to his canvas. Now Tennyson, she affirmed, not only *felt* correctly, but granted the palm to no one for artistic rendering of that feeling, both in the general conception, and the particular execution of the utterance. For instance, said she, taking the volume from me, in this stanza in Maud, the feeling, which it would take paragraphs otherwise to express, expands to the reader at once from the mere hint of a comparison, not actual, but implied, of squandered opulence, which became spectred in the autumn's waste:

"Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a great speculation had failed,
And ever he muttered and maddened, and ever
wanned with despair,
And out he walked when the wind like a broken
worldling wailed,
And the flying gold of the ruined woodlands drove
through the air!"

So again, the sentiment of early spring is adroitly marked in this—

"But life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect."

Take another season, the Winter; could any form of expression pierce more?—it makes you shudder of a dog day.

"Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpened eaves."

What are "fret-work" and "arabesque," and such like expressions of pretty rhymsters, beside words of the genuine import like those? Next for a summer's day. To begin with the morning.

"I walked as ere I walked forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveille to the breaking morn."

You seem to feel the tip-toe inspiration at the very reading. And here is an accompaniment, expression of an impatient yearning for the day—

"A bird
That early woke to feed her little ones
Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light."

Then comes mid-day. No hints; only a strict description, and you will involuntarily work your neck in your cravat—

"The landscape winking through the heat."

So next take the deep evening for a scene—

"The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field."

I will only point you out one more, said she, as an example of intensified feeling, a compounded desolation—

"A bell
Tolled by an earthquake in a trembling tower
Rang ruin."

So she passed me the book, saying there was much mere glitter overlaying rottenness among poets, an alluring Will-o'-the-Wisp to the careless and uninitiated, treacherously enticing them to no bottom for a mental foothold—the cheap splendor of conventionalities, picked up in the drift-wood of poesy, and made to suit all purposes—instead of the expression so ligamented to the feeling, that they seem to have been born together, and cannot be severed without danger to the life of both. You will find something of my opinion, said she, about this traditionized art on the fly-leaf of the book. So I turned over and read the following in faint pencillings:

Tradition and Art.

"A monarch tree this stately palm,
Whose leaves float fan-like on its height,
Rising majestical and calm,
The Arab glories in the sight!

"These brightsome creepers, what are they?
That in and out with serpent fold,
In all their graceful windings play
With hues of emerald and gold.

"A parasite, whose fatal gripe
Is clutched as if the heart to probe,—
Of venomous flattery the type,
That hides a dagger in its robe.

"And thus doth Art, by nature nursed,
Grow beautiful and grandly vast,
Till like a vampire, foul-accursed,
Tradition saps its life at last!"

I had had some serious intentions of breaking up my abode at the farm-house, for although I had gone there to be free from the stir of the city, and to seek quiet which my nerves seemed to need, it had lately been rather lonely for me, and I had missed some genial companionship which I enjoyed at home. It was accordingly a satisfaction to me now to discover that I was to have for a companion, for a few weeks, at least, one who promised to be so much after my own liking; and, although I had passed a fatiguing day in town, and, when I got into the cars, felt querulous towards locomotives, because

they could run no faster, the rest of our ride slipped easily away, and I was, on the whole, rather provoked when the train slackened speed at the X— station.

The deacon expected his grand-children, and was in waiting with his carry-all to take them home, while his man Thomas had the horse-cart in charge, which was to carry the baggage. While I was looking after a basket of oranges, with which I expected to astonish little Sammy and his mother, (Farmer John's wife), my companion in the cars had so arranged it, that I was to ride up with the deacon and the young ladies, while Frank (who, of course, must look after the baggage), should take the little brother and come after in the cart with Thomas.

"All right, ma'am," cried Frank rather jestingly, and after a smile all round, I handed the young ladies into the carry-all, and took my seat beside the deacon.

"Why, grandpa, what is the matter with Dobbin?" cried Miss Molly, thrusting her head between our shoulders.

"Matter!" chuckled the deacon, "ain't he tippy fine, and no mistake?" and he brought around his brawny hand and patted her under the chin.

The deacon is a man somewhat after his own kind, in fact, too much so to consort with any show of popularity among the townspeople, and, accordingly, most of his neighbors either despise him, hate him, or avoid him altogether. This condition of affairs is brought about wholly by his eccentricities, and his tendency to joking practically, as he termed it with others, but which proved sadly impracticable for a man who had any inclination to enjoy the advantages of a good name among his neighbors. He was wealthy, and had once held a position in the church, and being a shipbuilder by occupation, and employing a large number of men in his yard, he was able, occasionally, in spite of his unpopularity, to get himself elected moderator on town-meeting days. I was conscious myself of having lost something of my own good name since I came to town, and was quite sensible it was owing solely to my frequent visits at the deacon's, and forming with him perhaps the closest companionship of any that I made. In truth, he had always received me with a good deal of courtesy, and seemed fond of my visits, and while with him, listening to some of his stories of privateering in the last war, I had often wondered why no one before me had found out his geniality. I mentioned this one day to the good wife of Farmer John, and she informed me that her brother Sam ("Poor boy," she always added at the mention of his name, "he died just before he was going to graduate,") when he came home one college vacation, said that Deacon Abbott knew the most and was the best bred man in town. So I acknowledged the priority.

What had now elicited the exclamation from his grand-daughter, was the remarkable appearance poor Dobbin bore, after the combined abuse from his master and the clouds. The deacon had only been true to his whimsical nature, when, as a kind of a demonstration in favor of his guests' arrival, he had taken a brush of brown coloring and bedaubed poor Dobbin's white hide with rounds and diamonds of sizable dimensions, besides encircling his neck with belts of the same, and tipping his ears. When this was done, and he had been harnessed into the carry-all in readiness for the train, a shower had passed over (which, I must confess, had escaped my attention in the cars,) and round diamond and belt had run together in the most indiscriminate manner, so that poor Dobbin, as we drove through the village, was hardly recognized by the blacksmith at the forge's door. I had quite an urgent invitation to stay to tea, aided by a petitioning glance, but I promised to be over early in the morning, and taking my oranges, I went to the farm-house.

Sammy met me at the gate-way, inquisitively

eying my bundle, and asked me several questions about the city, slipping behind me to examine it in that direction. His mother stood in the door-sill, wanting to know by word how the weather had been at Boston, and by eye, what in the world I had got there.

I know I was a little cruel in delaying information, but it was not until this morning after breakfast, and just as Sammy was going off with his tin pail to school, that I called him to me and gave him a couple.

"There be the Deacon's folks," said Sammy, as he looked under my arm out of the window: I followed his direction, and certainly enough, there they were, Frank and the young ladies, frolicking about under the orchard trees upon the hill-slope. The old Deacon, in his shirt sleeves, was leaning over the barn-yard fence, looking towards them, but smoothing down the flanks of a handsome yearling. Buff, the big dog, who remembered Frank for a good many summers, was leaping about them in wild joy, and down he came upon me, under fence and over ditch, clearing the brambles, and barking his best, as I came up the road towards them, making me rather mistrustful under such fierce demonstrations. The rest ran down to the gap in the fence to meet me.

"Don't you think Frank ought to take the wagon—Grandpa says he may—and take us all into the woods? It is such a fine day for it," exclaimed Molly Shepherd.

"Nan and I," said Frank, "think we'd better go down by the seat on the river, and then if there is to be a shower, as it threatens, we we can get home in season."

"Come, Moll," said her cousin rather coaxingly, "let us have *one* day of quiet. I will go in and get some books."

I was appealed to by look from the three, and venturing to think it would be very pleasant by the river, it was quite sufficient to decide that was to be done.

"Well," cried Molly, catching Buff by the ear, "we are beaten, old fellow; so come along," and he jumped at her hat as she swung it in the air.

We took a direction for the path that skirts the meadow at the foot of the orchard, and Nannie met us at a stile, a little way on, with one or two books in her hands. Frank lingered behind a moment to pick up his pocketful of apples, for they were strewn profusely on the ground. At the distant end of the meadow, we crossed the stream on a plank-bridge, and the path led us then directly into the woods. Buff stopped to bark at some squirrels that scolded us from some oaks that topped a knoll by the way-side. Molly screamed at a twisting root along the ground thinking it a snake, and Nannie didn't know how she should get across a running spring, until I gave her a helping hand. Buff scented something among a clump of brambles, and Frank urging him on, he pricked his nose in his eagerness, and run off shaking it and buried it in the moss. Molly scolded, and thought Frank was cruel. Frank threw an apple at a saucy bird, which struck a branch instead, and fell on Nannie's hat, making her scream, of course, and drop one of her books, which I picked up and put in my pocket. Then we got over one fence and under another, and through a third, and came at last to an open plot, with a hill side on one hand, and on the other, where the stream ran, fringed with trees and alder bushes, in the shade of two or three elms, there was a rude seat built from trunk to trunk, with a single board for the back. Nannie took the bench, and I a large rock just within the water. Molly ran on, and called to Frank to come and see what something was, just within the edge of the woods on the other side. And we were left alone.

I sat on the rock and watched the skating bugs in the shadow of the bushes, dart away their strength against the current, and then los-

ing way under their exhaustion, commence lustily again to regain it. Then a little splash or a break of the smooth surface, where some fish was sporting, would draw my attention, or a curled leaf floating down, the transient barge of some skimming dragon-fly. Where a patch of sunshine lay upon the water, coming through an opening of the foliage, and lighting up the sandy bottom, I could see a school of minnows doubled in their shadows beneath, laying almost motionless with occasional gentle strokes of the fin. Then a frog leaped from some boggy shelf of the bank and fell with a splash, that sent the minnows darting into the viewless channel.

"Cogitating?" asked Nannie inquiringly, as she half looked at me, and tried to hold down the leaves of her book that the breeze was ruffling.

"What have you there?" said I, shunning her question.

"A little volume of Rückert's Poems," said she, and a little piece of paper blew out from the leaves, and lodged against the tree trunk, held up by the wind. The breeze ceased and it fell, and swaying in the air, it took a slanting impetus in the direction of the water, but so that I could catch it before it struck. I saw it was a manuscript, and asked if I could read it.

"Certainly," she replied; "you will find it a little translation I made the other day, of one of his pieces—*To the Brook*—and quite apposite to your present thoughts, may be."

I read as follows:

"I sat beside a brooklet's tide
And saw the ripples flow;
I thought like a Seer of the Far and Near,
Of To-day and Long-ago.

"So many a tear goes rushing here,
Oh, Brook, along thy stream.
How canst appear thus bright and clear,
Ne'er overflowing seem?"

"Of the dead I think, as to earth they sink,
Like flowerets here above,
Till cometh once more, when they bloom as before,
The Messenger of Love.

"But oh to what sea art flowing so free,
And where do thy fountains shine?
So whence am I and where to die?
Oh Brooklet, comrade mine!

"The flowers of Spring their shadows fling
Upon thy bosom here,
Where lately thy stream in ice did gleam,
A mirror of crystal clear.

"Thou art shining bright in the heavenly light,
And swollen with the joy of May,
My shape lies clear in reflection here,
But clearer the heavenly ray.

"Oh world! thou ne'er art half so fair,
As waked by the breath of May,
When the clouds that fly all over the sky,
What promises are they!"

"Not quite in season," said Nannie.
"But seasonable," said I.
"There's something on the other side, not quite so literal, but I have given his meaning, I think."

I found it headed *Our Life a Song*.

"I am not alone in saying,
That our life is all a song,
Every stress or pleasure playing
O'er our heart's cords light or strong.

"Since I lived I yet have never
Seen or felt but I have sung,
And I know that by endeavor
Years bring honor to the young.

"Of the aims in life that bound us
Few there are too high to reach,
And there's nothing that's around us,
But has yet a song to teach.

"All our hearts as one are beating
To an universal time,
Every breast the throb repeating,
All the world is but the chime!"

Frank and Molly came running by us, with shouts of "Come, come," and we had not noticed the big drops of the approaching shower till then, but now they came pattering down fast, and the spreading circles on the stream were becoming densely interlaced. We hastened after them, and were just under cover of the back porch of the house, when the rain fell pouring simultaneously with a burst of thunder.

W. J.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 12th, 1856.

SEVENTY years since Newport stood in the first rank of American commercial cities. Numerous costly residences still stand to attest the ambition and taste of its people. Among these are some which do not suffer in comparison with the more ostentatious structures of the present time. It would seem from the numerous paintings that have been handed down in these mansions, that the city must have been once liberal in the patronage of the Fine Arts. Works of the English artists of the last century abound here; and I doubt if a more complete collection of early American artists can be found anywhere in the country. Collected, they would form a most interesting historical gallery.

It is doubtless known to your readers that Gilbert Stuart was born here. The older inhabitants (most of the younger men I should think never heard his name,) point out with pride the old, dilapidated wooden house in which his childhood was spent, and within a few years an old door was preserved upon which he had rudely sketched, with white chalk, the figure of a black man dancing. Some of his best pictures are treasured up here; among them the finest copy of his full length portrait of Washington. I believe most of his juvenile works were of a comic character, a peculiarity characteristic of his social life, which, so far as his pencil was concerned, did not appear in his maturer efforts.

Malbone, too, was born here. A great many of his finest miniatures still exist amongst the inhabitants. They are cherished with the greatest care, and when for sale, are held at almost fabulous prices. Two of his sisters have lately lived in his old homestead. The "Hours" a group of three figures, in miniature, has been considered his best work, but it is far inferior to his miniature portraits. The *Providence Athenæum*, a few years since, purchased the "Hours" for something over a thousand dollars, a price far beyond its value. Wherever you go in old Newport you will find art treasures,—generally not very ambitious works, but nevertheless very choice and valuable. It is very gratifying in this country to find a community who value the memory of their artists or their works. Appreciation of Art here, of the present day is, however, at as low an ebb, as can be found elsewhere. The shops are filled with the vilest daubs. The noble scenery of the town is served up to the summer visitors in colors that would astound even a negro connoisseur. Chrome and vermilion do their best to bely the ocean and its rock-bound shore. Spread upon canvas, these two pigments sell for about five dollars a square foot, which pays very liberally for the trouble of puddling them on.

And here I must comment upon the manner in which this grand, old ocean coast is treated by all the artists who come here. The com-

monplace aspect of the sunny rocks, and the lazy monotony of the undisturbed sea is all that I can find represented in your Academy exhibitions. Seen in these moods, there is nothing very fine in this coast-scenery; but when the ocean is agitated by storms,—when the rocks and the coast half a mile inland are lashed by the gigantic waves,—when the white surf is blown about like smoke, then every nook and corner of the rocky shore is a picture of the most exquisite life and interest; and, on a larger scale, the same becomes one of remarkable sublimity. This aspect is material worthy of the artist. But coming here in the summer months, while all is still, and then patiently sketching his sitter, his picture must, of course, be expressionless and vapid; and the artist remain uncultivated in the higher walks of his noble art.

I would say to artists come here in March;—then there are high winds, and all the poetry of water in motion, can be studied with facility. Still, he may see something worthy of his pencil at any season. There are often big seas here when there is no wind. I have sat upon the rocks in a calm day, looking placidly upon the tranquil sea, scarcely rippled at my feet, when suddenly a gentle swell would stir the weeds, and then it became more and more agitated, until waves would break upon the shore, which anon, by degrees, in an hour's time, swelled to the grand proportion of lofty rollers, lashing the rocks with a mighty roar, and dashing the surf-cloud high in the air. Far seaward, beyond the windless horizon, a storm had been raging, and this was its history, told in lines of foam upon the black cliffs of the main.

I commenced by speaking of the ancient mansions of Newport. The modern domestic architecture is quite as memorable if not so elegant. It has become the fashion of late years for worthy New Yorkers to build here their summer residences,—and now there are half a hundred or more of these modern structures, all having some pretensions to architectural beauty, and some of them really possessing that rare quality. A fine wide stretch of lands, or neck as it is called, running down two miles into the ocean, having, on one hand the water, and on the other, a desolate waste of rock, is the beautiful site chosen for them. But the buildings are, in the main, flippant and undignified. They have a strong family likeness to their class which we see crowning the hills all over the northern States. The roof-covering is twisted and contorted into useless and uncouth forms. Here, where there is nothing to be gained from an elevated point of view, towers, and sometimes groups of them, are found on almost every house. Most of them have balconies turned from the prospect. The modern epidemic of quaint chimneys, dormer windows, parasitic porticos, and senseless projections in every direction, has left marks of its ravages here as elsewhere. The outrageous snobbery of taming down grounds—the beautiful natural undulations—to an even level is practised in Newport, where, of all other places, it is least excusable.

Mr. Wetmore, of New York, has to my mind, the first place here. His house is built of rough light-hewn granite. It has a double pitched roof in the French chateau style, it is very plain and simple, and free from meretricious ornamentation. It exhibits almost palatial magnitude, and stands out against the sea with a rare approach to architectural grandeur.

A decided favorite with the townspeople is Mr. Robeson's house. It consists of a group of stunted brick towers, which are not towers, but broad, flat masses of naked wall, with mean and vulgar ornamentation. The young trees, however, will soon hide its ugliness, and it will appear as well as any other place. It is a very common *contretemps* in this country for the artist to design his house for distant effect, while the owner sets about immediately shutting

out the prospect by trees; for the designer, as, in this instance, it is perhaps kind, but for the owner's pocket it is far otherwise. Newport is very barren of trees, they having all been cut off by the British during the occupation of the place. The result is that most of the modern houses stand out uncovered, and challenging criticism.

There is a small house, situated upon a green spot, laboriously seen from a wilderness of rocks, a design by Father Fitten, a Catholic priest, which I consider a model of taste and elegance. It is quaint, original, sensible, harmonious; the right house in the right place. It is of wood, has a double pitched roof, and though looking small, is admirably roomy and convenient. And here I must allude to a new Catholic Church, built under the superintendence of the same enlightened clergyman. I know of no structure of its kind which is so beautifully designed, so conscientious, so regardless of venerable precedent, so faithfully built, and yet so conformable to the present wants of the modern church.

I propose at some future time to speak more in detail of the architectural structures in this town. Some of them deserve especial commendation.

We understand that the grave of Gilbert Stuart is unmarked even by a headstone. A friend of ours lately made search for it in the graveyard on Boston Common, where he was buried, but without success. Surely this should not be.

WEST CAMPTON, N. Y., 9th, September, 1856.

MY DEAR CRAYON,—WE have been pleasantly beguiling the tedium of a protracted rainy imprisonment, with the reading of your September *Crayon*, commenting, by the fireside, upon its many charming themes, but invariably returning, ever and anon, with a protest general to the fact so prominent and patent of the distinction of Conway in your columns (there being no less than two letters thereto devoted in your current issue), while not one poor syllable is breathed of Campton! This is unanimously declared to be an injustice unworthy of Art, and of the righteous spirit of the nineteenth century, and I am, *viva voce*, appointed scribe to set the matter in its true light before the world.

As it is always very important to make a good first impression, I think I shall at once "fetch" your unqualified admiration over to this western side of the White Hills, by the mere mention of the single, simple fact, that our little inn, ("the Stag and Hounds, and the ferocious Eagle," as nearly as many fading suns will permit us to decypher the heraldry on both sides the pendent sign), has all the season through been filled to overflowing by artists, with no grief but the double-barrelled sorrow that they did not come earlier, and that an approaching autumn will not let them stay longer.

Before I open upon the thousand beauties around us, it will, perhaps, be well for me to say how you may get hither, as you may be irresistibly bent upon sticking an "out of town" upon your office door, and upon rushing up this way by return of post. In that case all you will have to do is to take the boat or cars in the evening, *via* Boston, to Plymouth in the Granite State, where, after a ride by the shores of the Merrimac and Winnipiseogee, you will be set down next day at noon-tide. There you will get your dinner, and finally, and to conclude, you will get into the daily Franconia coach, travel over seven miles of picturesque mountain road by the Pemigewasset side, to the little hamlet of West Campton—which the houses will by no means prevent you seeing to advantage—and be dumped at the threshold of our "Stag and Hounds and ferocious Eagle Hotel." If you should, however, make any al-

lusion to a "room," you will be at once told that it can't be thought of,—that every corner is occupied by "the artists,"—that you must "go out,"—colonize,—lodge at the nearest neighbor's ('tisin't very far away), and only come home to eat—not to room. Even with this *désagrément*, you will not have been here twenty-four hours, nor have taken one peep at the hills and the intervals, nor once sat at our merry table, nor once joined our happy evening circles, on piazza, or by hearth-stone, as the thermometer may order, without devoutly thanking fortune for casting your lines in so pleasant a place. At least, so everybody says! Next year, perhaps, our obliging host may provide more room. He has not until this summer been accustomed to company beyond that of his neighbors and of the mountain stage passengers *in transitu*. Enterprise, though, is indigenous in his landlordly soul, and the sun of travel is warming it into vitality. He is even now awaiting the arrival of green blinds for our windows: and now and then he is caught incoherently muttering something about another story to his house, with, perhaps, a "culpable," as Mrs. Partington would say, on top. We all sincerely wish, though, that he may not make the place too large or too nice, for half its charm is in its present rustic country air; its grateful *sans façon* feeling. And here is one point in which Campton is so much more agreeable to us than is Conway: here, in the enjoyment of quiet and seclusion, and in the total absence of the fashionable watering-place air. In size and population West Campton is nothing but a hamlet's ghost; a house here and there by the way side, thickening at our little point into a mere shade of gregariousness. It lies on an outer edge of a broad verdant interval, which spreads from the weedy banks of the Pemigewasset, and is encircled on all sides by picturesque hills—here and there a hoary-headed mountain top lifting itself to the clouds, and off to the northward, the everlasting barriers of the Franconia cliffs. We have no "hops" here, except among the merry rocks: no belles, besides those of our own party, if we may, 'ungallantly ignore the village lasses, who stroll in trios along the road on moonlight nights, singing "Canaan is a happy land; far, far away!" and other pious melodies. Indeed, we are such an unaccustomed sight to the good people, that our assigned position in the social scale is that of "Mr. Sanborn's genteel boarders!" We can dress and live, in all points, exactly as it pleases our artist fancy, with no surroundings of "the world's people" to molest or to make us afraid. As for society, where can you better find it than among half a dozen or more painters let loose in summer freedom, in the suns and shades of an ever-beauteous mountain land; all seen, too, through the emphasizing claudemirror of woman's eye and heart; for you must remember that our party is not all pagan. And now another moment, before I lead you towards our out-of-door delights, while I introduce you to the *dramatis persona*.

When I arrived some weeks ago, I found here Mr. Durand and his family, Messrs. Gerry, Pope, and Williams, of Boston, and Mr. Thorndyke and Mr. Richards of New York. Mr. Ordway of Boston had just left. Since then two other Boston artists have returned homewards, and their places are at present filled by their brethren, Messrs. Gay and Wheelock. For awhile our circle was enriched by the genial society of the Rev. Mr. Ware of Augusta, in Maine. He brought us the last volume of "Modern Painters," for which he will be so good as to accept our gratitude. In the evenings, which are now growing cool, we assemble in gay gossip about the hearth of our bar-room—by name only,—since it is really a very quiet household apartment, the "Stag and Hounds," etc., being a temperance establishment, prohibitory of all fluids, excepting only "hard cider,"

of which our host supplies an aqueduct at dinner time. I am very sure they have no such cider at Conway! At half-past eight somebody goes to bed; more disappear about nine, and at half-past nine, all have oozed away, unless it be, perhaps, a few dissipated people lingering, as they sometimes do, over a hand at "California Jack." This reprehensible immorality they commit with the help of home-made cards, constructed out of a sheet of Bristol board—the characters being inserted with a Faber's pencil No. 2. The hearts were made by one of the ladies of our group, and have been objected to as entirely too heavy for the circumstances. The closing privilege and duty of every one of us is to thank heaven that we are in West Campton and not in North Conway!

At half-past six, we breakfast, and afterwards if the weather is bad, (as it often is, though never without our being perfectly satisfied that it is infinitely worse over there in Conway,) we read the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, and the *Boston Daily Traveller*, which come by the mail of the previous day, or we chat, or read, or write, or go out into the barn and make studies of the cattle, alternating either occupation with an occasional wonder when it is going to clear up. When the day is fair, we sally out with our traps, in twos or threes, or perhaps, a committee of the whole for the morning study. Perchance our route is "up the road," after one of the many noble mountain views seen across the richly wooded meadows and over the pellucid brooks, that charming glance of Sandwich, or that other, of the Welch Mountain, very likely; or it may be that we go "down the road" a bit, to the "school-house," and paint by morning or by evening light that most glorious panorama of the Franconia hills, the mystic access indicated by the rugged-faced profile on the left, and the triple-cone of the Lafayette on the right, with its marvellous middle ground of belt, and copse, and meadow, and river, which Mr. — keeps on saying is the most enchanting scene of the kind upon which he has ever gazed. There is no such picture in Conway! If the day is too hazy or "smoky" for the mountain views, we cross the interval lying between "the Stag and Hounds," etc., and "the brook," and there we find wondrous studies of sedgy bank and fringed shore. Such a wealth of greenery, such subtly graceful elms, and willows, and beech, and birch, it is rarely one's happiness to behold. The brook foliage of Conway is delicious, when it is seen before instead of after that of Campton! Here we have fortunately not so far to go for our subjects as at Conway, while they are more interesting when found. The mountain views are more agreeable here, and the intervals being smaller, are more available and more changeable.

Last week we all went down the road a couple of miles to get a famous study of the Welch Mountain, seen up the graceful river. As our brief rambles just mentioned had made us too ineffably lazy to walk so far, we chartered the only accessible one horse cart of the hamlet, and, putting three in the front seat, and the rest in pell-mell behind, off we went in gallant trim. No such turn-outs as ours in the Conway stables, you may be sure. Arriving at our destination, we found the village "pound," "situated thereat," a most convenient place to leave our equipage, while we occupied our several leafy studios around. This pleasant style of transit we continued day after day, with ever culminating success, until we had entirely done the region up.

Besides "the brook," of which I have spoken already, there are other delightful streams which come down from the hills to the river, hard by; all exquisitely wooded through the intervals, and full of vivacious and vigorous shape, and fall and rock material above. Trout, too, live merrily in their waters, and partridges and ducks are not far away.

With the abundant and varied foliage here, and full and juicy as it is after the unusual moisture of the summer, there is every promise for the coming fall, of the richest and rarest "rainbow beauty" in the forest leaves; a beauty which Conway cannot hope to equal even if you did publish "two letters" in its praise, without one word of Campton, in the last number of the *Crayon*.

Hoping that our friends! in that unhappy geography eastward will survive our pity, I am, in behalf of the "West Campton party,"

Indignantly yours,
"POPPY OIL."

We trust that the communications of our technical correspondents, Messrs. Flake White, and Burnt Umber, have been appreciated by our readers. We have now, in this number, to add the name of Poppy Oil. If, among the remaining colors of the palette, there be any others disposed to state their joys or grievances, we should be happy to hear from them, except Mr. Black, whose interests being so universally cared for elsewhere, we deem it but simple justice to retain our columns for the exclusive use of his brethren. We should feel highly honored, however, by any communications from "ladies of color," including Miss Crimson Lake, Miss Constant White, (no relation to Flake, we believe), and the Misses Rose and Pink Madder. We have no decided objections to the lucubrations of Mrs. Intense Blue, or of Mr. Sap Green; all the elements of the rainbow, simple and compound, are welcome, as well as earnestly solicited, in order to add color and harmony to the lines of *The Crayon*.

SCULPTURE, MODELING, AND CASTING IN BRONZE.

NO. I.

THAT there is in this country a growing taste for the fine arts, particularly Sculpture, must be evident to all who feel interested in such matters, and that native talent is abundant, proofs are almost daily brought to our notice. How many are there who, without having conversed with artists, or a knowledge of the instruments ordinarily used, or any information as to the usual methods of proceeding, have relied entirely on their own resources, and produced works which would be creditable to those having the advantage of study in the best schools of Europe. Much valuable time is thus wasted. It is better to know and see how far the art has advanced, than expend, unaided in search of the rudiments, time and talent which might otherwise be advancing to perfection.

The columns of the *Crayon* may become (if it is the desire of the proprietors), the medium of communicating information in an intelligible manner, which will relieve talent now struggling to grasp the simplest rudiments. There are many sculptors in this country who could furnish much valuable information, and consider it an agreeable way of spending a leisure hour. In the Fine Arts there should be no secrets; we do not think a great artist has any, for his power is the gift of God, which has been cultivated; the source of his talent is never exhausted—the more it is used, the more powerful it becomes. To behold an exquisite work of art produces in him the most delightful sensations, and towards the artist a friendly feeling. His great love is for his art, and all he can contribute towards its advancement, as far as his experience extends in the mere mechanical part, is freely communicated; but the creative talent must be obtained from a higher source. A free intercourse between artists, a generous feeling and a noble enthusiasm will cheer and encourage the drooping spirit of the young aspirant, who possesses

a fire and genius which advances faster than his works—whose studies are so rapid that he becomes disgusted with his own work ere it is completed. Such should receive consolation and encouragement, or they abandon in despair their loved pursuit.

Modeling requires a combination of talent. He who possesses a good idea of mechanics succeeds best, as his ingenuity is often in requisition in preparing his frames or supports for the clay or plaster, particularly for colossal figures, else before his work is finished, it falls to the ground. The carving or chiseling, or, as it is termed, pointing a statue in marble, has, by ingenious men been reduced to a mechanical operation; some modes are on purely mathematical principles, always observing that the nearer you approach a right angle the more accuracy. The gentle undulations and graceful curves between the points, on which the variation of the thickness of a hair would be perceptible, must be controlled by the master's eye, for which files of different forms and principles are used.

Casting in bronze with us will become the most popular mode of perpetuating models: it best suits our climate and propensities, and the difference in price is not of great importance. It is a subject in which ingenuity will find ample space for improvement. The idea is entertained that the casting of statues in bronze is to receive its nearest approach to perfection in this country. The ready ingenuity of the people and habit of thinking and relying on their own resources, will acquire modes of casting in one entire piece, at one jet, without materially increasing the expense.

The specimens of bronze casting that have been produced in this country, justify the assertion that we can produce castings that will compare favorably with those of other countries. The castings of the equestrian statue of Washington, recently erected in New York, by Mr. Brown of Brooklyn, were beautiful specimens, very accurate, and requiring but little work of the chisel on the external surfaces, thereby preserving the touch and finish of the artist's model,—a very important consideration.

When the equestrian statue of Washington, by Mr. Crawford, to be erected in Richmond, Va., now on its passage over the ocean, shall arrive, it will afford an opportunity of comparison between the best work of the Royal foundry in Berlin, and the first efforts of the enterprise of our own founders. Both models are from the studios of American artists.

As an illustration of the advantage of free intercourse among artists, I will mention that, during the modeling in plaster of a colossal equestrian statue, the colored servant of the studio, seeing the tedious process by which large surfaces were reduced to their proper form, suggested the use of the tin nutmeg grater. A grater, such as is used by housekeepers to grate bread or crackers was procured, and found to answer an excellent purpose. Other graters of different forms were obtained, and they are now decided favorites in the studio. It did not occur at the time that the negro was the first to suggest the application, until several Italian sculptors, now engaged in the extension of the Capitol, seeing the grater used, and being pleased with its novelty, mentioned its being to them an entirely new application. The graters are perforated with a punch, having four flat sides ground to a point, which gives four teeth to each hole. When the plaster is moist it grates easily but clogs; by dipping the grater in water and passing a brush over the teeth, they are readily cleaned. With dry plaster the grater does not clog.

Z.

THE UNOWNED PICTURE.

The great painter, Rubens, during his stay at Madrid, in the year 1628, made many excursions into neighboring parts, and the following

tale is related of him during one of these excursions:—

There was, in the environs of the city, a convent inhabited by one of the most austere and rigid orders of monks: into this Rubens entered and observed, much to his surprise, in the choir of the chapel, which was otherwise humbly and meanly adorned, a picture which evinced superior talent.

The subject of this picture was the death of a monk. Every shade, every touch, spoke of the high soul and sublime genius of the painter; and Rubens, delighted, called his pupils, some of whom usually accompanied him on his expeditions, and showed them the picture. All joined with him in the loudest praises of admiration.

"But who can be the author of this *chef d'œuvre*?" exclaimed Van Dyke, Rubens' favorite pupil.

"A name has evidently been written beneath the painting, but some one has carefully effaced it," replied Van Thulden.

Rubens craved an interview with the prior of the convent, and, at the old monk's approach, eagerly inquired the name of the artist whose work so excited his admiration.

"The painter is no longer in the world," replied the monk.

"Dead!" exclaimed Rubens, "he is dead. And did he die unknown? was there no one after he was gone to give to the world a name which should have been immortal—a name before which even *mine* might bow? And, notwithstanding," added the great artist with a noble pride, "notwithstanding, my father, I am Paul Rubens!"

At this name the pale face of the prior lighted up with an unwonted brightness. His eyes sparkled, and the fixed and eager look which he turned on Rubens, spoke of somewhat more than curiosity; but this excitement only lasted for an instant. The monk's eyes were again cast on the ground, and his hands, which he had raised to heaven in a moment of enthusiasm, he once more crossed upon his breast, and repeated—

"The painter is no longer in the world."

"But his name, my father, his name, that I may tell it to his country, and that he may receive, though late, the glory which is justly due to him."

And Rubens, Van Dyke, Jacques Jordaens, and Van Thulden, his pupils, one might almost say his *rivals*, surrounded the prior, and earnestly entreated him to name the unknown artist. The monk trembled. A cold perspiration trickled from his forehead down his wrinkled cheek, and his lips contracted almost convulsively, as though eager to reveal a mystery, of a secret of which he alone was master.

"His name! his name!" repeated Rubens. The monk made a solemn gesture with his hand.

"Listen!" said he, "you have misunderstood me. I told you that the author of this picture was no longer in the world; but I did not mean to say he was actually dead."

"He is living!" exclaimed simultaneously Rubens and his pupils. "Oh, tell us then his name, that we may become acquainted with so sublime a genius!"

"He has long since renounced the world," replied the prior, calmly, "he has entered the cloister, he is a monk."

"A monk, my father, a monk!" cried Rubens. "Oh! tell me in what convent; for he must leave it. When God marks a man with the seal of genius, that man has no right to bury himself in solitude. God has intrusted to him a sublime mission; it is his duty to accomplish it. Tell me, then, the name of the cloister where he is hidden. I will bring him forth, and show him the glory that awaits him. If he refuse me, I will obtain an order from our Holy Father the Pope for him to return to the

world, and resume his pencil. The Pope loves me, my father; the Pope would grant my request."

"I can neither tell you his name, nor that of the convent to which he has retired," replied the monk in a resolute tone.

"The Pope will command you to do so," cried Rubens, exasperated.

"Listen to me," said the prior, "for heaven's sake, listen! Do you believe that this man before giving up the world, before bidding adieu to fortune and glory, had not hard struggles against such a resolution? Do you not feel that he must have experienced bitter deceptions and cruel disappointments, before he was brought to acknowledge that all here is but vanity?" said he, striking his breast. "Leave him, then, to die peacefully in that asylum which he has at length found from the world and its deceptions. On the other hand, your efforts, I am convinced, would be of no avail; it is a temptation, I feel assured, he would resist," added he, crossing himself, "for God will not withdraw his help. God, who in mercy deigned to call him, will not now chase him from his presence."

"But, my father, it is immortality which he renounces!"

"My son, immortality is *nothing* in presence of *eternity*!" and the prior, pulling his hood over his face and slightly bowing, quitted the chapel, thus leaving Rubens no time to press his solicitations further.

The celebrated Fleming retired from the convent with his celebrated cortège of pupils, and all returned to Madrid silently musing on what had transpired.

The prior sought his cell, and throwing himself upon his knees on the straw mat, which was his only couch, he prayed long and fervently; then, gathering together his pencils, his colors, and an easel which was lying on the floor of his dormitory, he threw them all into the river which flowed beneath the window. He gazed for some time with a melancholy smile upon the water which bore them away from his sight. When they had entirely disappeared he returned once more to kneel on his straw mat, before his wooden crucifix to pray.—*Boston Gazette*.

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

THE THEME OF LOVE.*

No. 2.

IN our June Number we noticed *The Betrothal*, the former part of this poem, by Coventry Patmore, whose peculiarities of style, development and arrangements are reproduced in this sequel, where their novelty has become familiarized, and of course less effective. The story is slightly more veiled, and possesses, we think, fewer salient points, and not the other's abundance of graphic delineation. The time occupies the interval between the plighted troth and marriage, with one subsequent scene:

"And whilst the wood-dove mocking coo'd
They praised the days that they'd been wed,
At cost of these in which they wo'd,
Till every thing was three times said."

The winning and exuberant attraction of the bride, is

"Her loveliness, which *rather lay*
In light than color."

Again, he describes her at a ball:—

"The giddy crowd, she grave the while,
Although as 'twere beyond her will,
About her mouth the baby smile
That she was born with lingered still.
Her ball-dress seem'd a breathing mist
From the fair form exhaled and shed,

* *The Angel in the House; the Espousals.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856.

Raised in the dance with arm and wrist
All warmth and light, unbraced."

He progresses, still misgiving—

"He makes his sorrow, when there's none;
His fancy blows both cold and hot;
Nest to the wish that she'll be won,
His first hope is that she may not.
He's jealous if she pets a dove,
She must be his with all her soul;
Yet 'tis a postulate in love
That part is greater than the whole."

Then he writes her—

"Adieu! I am not well. Last night
I had startling dreams: I often woke,
The summer lightning was so bright;
And when it flashed I thought you spoke."

This volume corresponds in typography with the previous.

We were lately quite electrified at the sight of a coadjutor in the cause of Art, in the shape of a newspaper, which a friend placed in our hands, bearing the following title:

THE ARTIST'S TRIBUNE,

being an "organ of the St. Louis Artistic and Literary Society, published in St. Louis, Mo." The paper is of a large quarto size, four pages, and our copy is No. 2 of the volume, dated on the 4th of July of the present year. The *Tribune* is published—how often we leave our readers to determine for themselves by the following:—

"NOTICE.

"When about three months ago, we published our prospectus, our intention was to try how much the public would be disposed to favor the success of an artistic and literary publication. Our friends pointed to us an horizon very dark and gloomy, and advised us to advance modestly and with prudence. This we have done and shall continue to do until we arrive at the time when our enterprise shall be seated on strong and permanent basis—for we know well that if St. Louis must become the Paris of America it has not yet arrived at that point. So far, however, we are satisfied with our commencement, and we must say that we have found the St. Louis public better qualified than we expected, for the Fine Arts, and what is relating to them. Our present success has by far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Our prospectus has been accepted favorably. Most of those who have read it have subscribed to the paper, although no promise has been made of its regular publication. Besides, we have founded an Artistic and Literary Society that already numbers many influential members, and has a good prospect of increasing rapidly. By the success of our present number, we shall decide if our paper must be daily, weekly, or monthly."

The following address is evidently the result of excitement in a good cause:

"TO THE ARTISTS OF ST. LOUIS.

"Journalists at the present time are the true educators, the true leaders of peoples, as has been said by a philosopher. And it is so because in our time of continual activity and work, for the greater number, there are few persons who can find leisure to study large volumes. A few interesting and instructive pages are fully enough for the laborer after the fatigues of his daily work.

"But if it is true that the journalists occupy the first place in the modern times, what may be said of the Artists? Artistic creations speak to the masses a language more attractive and easier to comprehend than the most eloquent articles published in the papers—and understood and exposed in an elevated and progres-